GASCONADO the GREAT:

A

Tragi-Comi, Political, Whimsical

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O P E R A,

As it was intended

For the Entertainment of the PUBLIC,

But rejected by the MANAGERS of both THEATRES.

What shou'd be Great, you turn to Farce.

PRIOR.

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GEORGIUS the GREAT:

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For the Entertainment of the PUBLIC

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

AT a Time like this when the Perfidy of *France*, and the Ingratitude of *Auſtria*, have, it is hoped, riſen to their *Ne plus ultra*; while the *Pruſſian* Eagle, on rapid Wings, haſtes on to cruſh the obdurate Enemies of our ſacred Religion and Country; the Public will ſurely countenance every Attempt that may tend to expoſe their Fallacy, or mortify their Ambition.

The Spirit of Juſtification is amongſt us univerſal; Briton catches it from Briton; and, as the antient Romans excited their Brethren and Citizens to Deeds of Glory by patriotic Orations, ſo, to their Praiſe be it ſpoken, do our Clergy at this Juncture, animate us from the Pulpit: A learned Prelate tells us, in a nervous and elegant Diſcourſe,* 'That the 'former Perfidiouſneſs and Treachery of the *French* Nation, our antient 'Enemy, and with whom we are now at War, is a ſufficient Warn-'ing to us, never more to truſt, nor to put any Confidence in Trea-'ties with them."

For, continues he, 'it would be tedious to mention, or to take Notice 'of all the Treaties which our Nation has been engaged in with *France*, 'and to ſhew how far they have kept the public Faith. Let it ſuffice 'to ſay, it is evident from Hiſtory, that the *French* never adhered to any 'Treaty, longer than was conſiſtent with, or convenient to, the Situation 'of their own Affairs. And it is very remarkable, and notorious to 'every Nation in *Europe*, to *Germany* in particular, that during a Peace, 'tho' in Violation of Treaties, they have made greater Strides towards 'univerſal Monarchy, than ever they did by an open and declared War.

'They have, it is well known, been always implacable and formidable 'Enemies to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and to the States General of the 'United Provinces. At preſent they ſeem indeed, (and in the End it 'will appear to be but mere Pretence) to be the zealous Friends and 'Aſſertors of the Houſe of *Auſtria:* But under this Maſk of Friendſhip, 'as they have garriſoned, and do poſſeſs, a great Part of the *Auſtrian Netherlands* is it not, conſidering their well known Syſtem of Ambition, 'almoſt ten Thouſand to One, that they will never reſtore them to 'their new Ally, without an extraordinary Interpoſition of Providence?

'Now, by ſuch Acquiſition and Detention, as they will then be Door-'neighbours to the States General, their next Attempt will, undoubtedly, 'be upon that Republic, and its Liberties. And if this ſhould be the 'Caſe, I ſhould be glad to know what Power in *Europe* will interpoſe, 'or endeavour to ſtop their Invader's Career, and ſave them from Deſtruc-

* Vide a SERMON, preached on the laſt Faſt-Day, at *Graffham*, in *Suſſex*, by *Charles Roſe*, L. L. D.

'tion?

'tion? Their own Diviſions, and Want of Harmony; their ſtrong, but 'blinded Attachments to the Intereſts of *France*; with the Infancy of 'their Stadtholder; are almoſt inſuperable Difficulties that threaten their 'Ruin.

'Will they fly to the *Pruſſian* Eagle for Protection? They have no 'Title, from their late Behaviour, to expect it. Will they ſeek for Re-'lief from *Britannia*'s Legions? Let them remember their Ingratitude to 'her, after having ſhed Rivers of Blood, and ſpent Millions of Treaſure, 'for their's, as well as the Defence of the Houſe of *Auſtria*. Deprived 'of ſuch Friends, their Fate is inevitable; and if the *French* ſhould keep 'Poſſeſſion of the *Auſtrian Netherlands*, they muſt become Provinces to '*France*. Then the Dominion and Force of *France* will be greatly exten-'ſive, and its Marine formidable to all the Powers in *Europe*, even to '*Britons*, with whom they have never yet kept Faith, nor fulfilled their 'Treaties, but in a partial, fraudulent, and deceitful Manner.

'By bloody and horrid Practices! By the Treachery, ſhall I ſay, or 'Cowardice of the *Auſtrians* and *Dutch* in the late War! By the Ingra-'titude of Both! And by the inſatiable and boundleſs Thirſt of univerſal 'Dominion, as well as Barbarity, of the *French*, *England* is again involved 'in a War.

'As to the *Dutch*, their Ingratitude, notwithſtanding their aiding and 'aſſiſting our avowed and mortal Enemy with all the Implements of War, 'and in carrying on their Trade and Commerce, yet falls vaſtly ſhort of 'that of *Auſtria*.

OH! BRITONS;

'Shall we then ſtrike Hands with ſuch a Nation as this! Shall we enter 'into Covenant with ſo much Perfidy? Shall we cheriſh the Viper in our 'Boſom, till the Fountain and Maſs of Blood is tainted, our whole Con-'ſtitution is corrupted, and our Civil and Religious Liberty ſubverted? Shall 'we indulge the pleaſing and deceitful Dreams of inriching private Pro-'perty! Yet hear of Thouſands of our Countrymen greatly falling, and 'glorioufly expiring in Defence of the Body Politic? No. Let us call to 'Mind the glorious Plains of *Creſſi* and *Agincourt*; and conſpire, univer-'ſally, to expel the Infection of *French* Politics? and diſdain their Perfidy. 'No Treaties! no Guarantees! are capable to bind them, and keep them 'within their Limits, our only Reſource, according to the Inſtructions 'given to the *Iſraelites*, is to *extirpate* and *expel them* from that Part of the 'World.'

Theſe ſelect Paſſages being ſo co-incident with the Sentiments of the Au-thor of the following Piece, He could not avoid tranſcribing them in this Place; as Patriotiſm and Religion appear in them ſo divinely blended.

TO THE
Right Honourable the Earl of ***.

My LORD,

IT ſeems to be a Privilege granted to dramatic Writers to introduce their ſeveral Compoſitions to the World under the Name of Eminence; and, therefore, your Lordſhip will not be ſurprized to receive an Addreſs from one of that Claſs.

The Work which I preſent to your Lordſhip, may perhaps appear inconſiderable; but the Loyalty of Heart which firſt pointed out the Deſign, and the Love of my Country which prompted me to finiſh it, may be ſome Apology for any Imperfection that may be diſcovered in the Performance. If it be a Fault to deteſt the Foes of *Great-Britain*, and the ſecret as well as the diſguiſed Enemies of our excellent King and Conſtitution: If it be a Crime to expoſe *Acts* of the deepeſt *Ingratitude* to the moſt generous and moſt deſerving Nation under Heaven; and to exhibit thoſe *Acts* in a proper Light, to procure them the deſerved Scorn and Reproach of all Mankind! If ſuch Sentiments, and ſuch Endeavours, are to be interpreted into Faults, I own myſelf a Criminal.

But, my Lord, I feel more conſcious Pride in being a loyal Subject, and a true Lover of my Country, than I could poſſibly receive from the higheſt Encomiums laviſhed upon any Work I might compoſe. *Ingratitude* is a *Vice* that is abhorred even in the loweſt of our Fellow-Creatures; nor can I be taught to account it leſs ignominious, though it ſhould be diſcovered in the Conduct of an *Empreſs*.

I will

I will not, my Lord, pretend to blame the Conduct of thoſe, who diſcouraged its Appearance on the Stage, for which it was originally deſigned; although the Delay, was to me a very conſiderable Diſadvantage. But, I ſhall ſubmit my Cauſe to the impartial Judgment of honeſt, brave, and loyal *Engliſhmen*.

Have we not had ſufficient Proofs of *French* Perfidy, to make every true *Briton* pleaſed to ſee that falſe and fickle Nation juſtly become the Object of Ridicule and Contempt? Eſpecially, if it were univerſally known (as it ought to be) that their Harlequin has been Licenced to expoſe the *Engliſh*, upon their Stage, in the moſt ludicrous Manner they could contrive, ever ſince the Commencement of the War; and probably they continue that popular Jeſt, if their Humor and their Wit be not exhauſted along with their Wealth and their Glory.

Your Lordſhip will be pleaſed to conſider, with what Difficulties the Author muſt have ſtruggled in endeavouring to ſtrike out a new *Plan* of *Dramatic Burleſque*, which has never been attempted by any but himſelf: This will in a great Degree apologize for his Imperfections in the Execution of his Plan. But if he meets with the Countenance of your Lordſhip, and his loyal Countrymen, he will be rewarded to his utmoſt Wiſh; and will exert all his Powers, to render himſelf not unworthy your Patronage, and their Favour.

I flatter myſelf, my Lord, that you will condeſcend to accept of this Addreſs as a Teſtimony of the higheſt Reſpect and Gratitude of him, who eſteems it to be his greateſt Honour to ſubſcribe himſelf,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S *moſt Obliged, and*

Moſt devoted Humble Servant.

PROLOGUE.

Enter BUSKIN, *a* Player; *and* EASALL, *a* Painter.

Busk. IN ſhort, Mr. *Eaſall*, I muſt tell you, that I am not without Fear for the Succeſs of your Opera.

Eaſ. Nor am I, Mr. *Buſkin*; for an Author, who offers any Compoſition to the Publick, has all Things to fear, if he be modeſt; and not much to hope, if conceited.

Buſk. Ay,—but, Sir,—the odd Political Novelty of it——

Eaſ. There you and I differ; for the Novelty and Loyalty of it are its beſt Recommendation. Every honeſt *Engliſhman* muſt abhor the Enemies of his Country, and be pleas'd to ſee their Conduct expos'd as it deſerves.—While the *French* act like Savages in *America*, and the *Ruſſians* worſe than Savages in *Europe*, they cannot be too much deteſted.—Are the Performers ready?

Buſk. They are.— *(a Noiſe of Quarrelling)* What's the Matter there?

Perf. Keep him back there,—keep back, Sir,— *(turns to* Buſkin)— Why, Sir, a foreign *French* Fop is diſputing there, and forcing his Paſſage to the Stage?

Buſk. A *French* Fop!—It may be ſome Man of Quality by the Deſcription.

Frenchman. Me vil go in, be Gar.— [*behind the Scene.*

Buſk. Let him paſs.

Enter the Frenchman, *dreſſed in the higheſt Mode ridiculouſly.*

French. Prenez garde,—Are you, Sir, de Autor of de Piece to ridicule my Contré?

Buſk. No, Sir.

French. Be Gar, 'tis well,—'tis very well you be not,—for I ſhall make de Light ſhine thro' him,—ſa—*(puſhing his Hand at* Buſkin) ſa! de Poltrone! to tink of making my Contré de Contempt of de *Ingleſe!*

Buſk. Pray, Sir, tell me——

French. No, Sir,---me vil not tell you any Ting but dis;---me vil ſuffer dis---*(putting his Hand to his own Neck)* d'ye ſee---dis Neck off, before my Nation ſhall have de Inſult.---Sir, bid all deſe People go der Way,---me vil pull de Houſe down about dere Ears. Be Gar, me vil fight dem all for de Honor of my Contré!

Buſk. What! and the Ladies too?

French. Sir,---me no underſtand vat you mean,---but me vant de Autor,---O, if I could meet de Autor!---

Buſk. This is the Gentleman. [*pointing to* Eaſall.

French. Ha! mon Dieu! be you de Autor, who traduce my Natione, my Contremen,---Ha!

Eaſ. Yes, Sir, and an Author who ſees and hears you with juſt Contempt, and accounts you a vain, bragging, daſtardly Coxcomb, like many of your Countrymen.

French. Coxcomb!---ha!---be Gar, me vil kill you dis Minute!---

[*He puts his Hand to his Sword, and* Eaſall *lays one Hand on his Sword and the other on his Throat; and having held him in that Poſture a-while, the* Frenchman *ſhewing great Signs of Fear and Terror,* Eaſall *trips up his Heels, and the* Frenchman's *Hat and Wig are knock'd off.*

Eaſ. Lie there--Vanity and Cowardice. [*Eaſall takes his Sword from him.*

French. Pardonnez moy, Monſieur. [*he riſes on his Kneees then ſtands up frighted.*

Eaſ. Such a tinſel'd Fop is not worth an *Engliſhman*'s Reſentment,---but who are you?---what are you?---ſpeak---

French. Me be de Valet de Chambre, and de *Frieſeur* Admirable to de Lord *Noodle*.---Me be his Derectore,---his Companione,---his Friend of de Boſom,---and---

Eaſ. And his Betrayer into the Bargain, making him the Diſgrace of his Country, and the Laughing-ſtock of all others. I ſuppoſe, Monſieur *Frieſeur*, that your Zeal for your grand Monarque, makes you watch every Occaſion to diſcover the Deſigns of the *Engliſh* againſt him.

French. A Ouy,---to be ſure.---

Eaſ. Then let him know, that for once, you were treated, as you and all your Fraternity deſerve. [*Eaſall firſt gives him his Sword, then kicks him off.*

Then

Then EASALL *turns to the Audience.*

Such, O ye *Britons!* is the *Gallic* Race,
Made up of boaſting-Folly, Pride, and Lace;
Their Hearts, like Slaves, link'd to their Monarch's Throne,
And falſe to ev'ry Int'reſt, but their own.

To-Night the Author wiſhes to expoſe
The Foes of genuine Virtue,—*Britain*'s Foes;
And he, tho' meaneſt of the Muſe's Train,
Owns, his Ambition is to entertain;
To paint Ingratitude without Diſguiſe,
And teach you, who to truſt, and who deſpiſe.

Let Diſaffection hiſs,—let Envy rail,
And treach'rous Friends at our Succeſs grow Pale;
But ſtill, ye *Britons*, who as Judges ſit,
Tho' not regal'd with Flights of ſterling Wit;
Let Loyal Hearts, the loyal Bard defend,
And ev'ry Friend to *Britain*, be his Friend.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
Gaſconado	Alecto
Lord Roland	Megera
Gripewell	Pampaline
Harlequin	
Punch	
Scaramouch, Pierro } *Meſſengers*	

Guards, Attendants, and Soldiers of Gripewell.

ERRATA:

Page 13, Line 14, for *Courtiers* read *Couriers*. Page 24, Line 4, for *as ſtrict as*, read *as gallic King*, &c. Ditto, Line 17, for *Soldiers* read *Soldier*.

A

Tragi-Comi-Politico-Whimſical

O P E R A.

SCENE I. *A Palace.*

Enter ROLAND.

Rol. UNHAPPY *Roland!* once ſo glorious!
Become a Wretch!—a Dupe notorious!
By female Politicks infatuated;
By ſtrong Deluſion led to what you hated.
How art thou fall'n!—by Fortune's Malice
Stripp'd of thy State, thy Purſe, thy Palace.

Enter MEGERA.

Meg. Why, *Roland*, art thou ſtill dejected,
Tho' by Imperial Queens protected?
Whoſe num'rous Hoſts ſhall fight your Battles,
'Till you regain your Goods and Chattels.—
Shame not your State with Sighs and Whining,
A nobler Sphere you yet ſhall ſhine in.

Rol. Thanks, great *Megera*;—my Ambition
Aſpires but to my old Condition.
'Tis yours to bully, fight, and hector it;
'Tis mine to mourn for my Electorate.

AIR I.

The Man that is born a Beggar, may taſte
Content in his low Occupation;
But, a King, made a Beggar, is ſcorn'd and diſgrac'd,
Like a Coward, that flies from his Station.
'Tis Pride and Ambition that beggars us all,
From the meaneſt of Men to the crown'd Head;
Tho' we know that the Wiſe only laugh at our Fall,
And triumph to ſee us confounded.

Meg. Have you forgot our keen Device
To humble *Pruſſia* in a Trice?
Forgot our deep-laid Combination,
Plann'd for his total Extirpation?
His Throne on ev'ry Side attacking,
To ſend all Heretics a-packing?
Have you forgot, that *France* and *Sweden*,
The *Ruſſian* Troops, and mine, are aiding,
To ſeize his Realms, whoſe Pow'r hath ſtung us,
And ſhare them equally among us?
Then, *Roland*, Glory's Path purſuing,
Shall proudly riſe on *Pruſſia*'s Ruin.

Rol. How can you, Empreſs, take ſuch Pride in
The Thoughts of *Pruſſian* Realms dividing?
While Conqueſt waits where'er he turns!---
Your Troops he beats, your Cities burns;
Baffles the Forces you confide in,
And leaves you ſcarce a Hole to hide in.---
Yet in a Conqueror's Stile you're talking,
Tho' Fate is ſtill your Projects baulking?
Ruſſia, perhaps may gain enough for her,
And ſo may you,---but---I 'm the Sufferer!

Meg. Come, chear thee up,---you know this Viſit,
Is but---your Int'reſt to ſollicit---
The *Ruſſiberian* Queen and I,
Our Policy, and Art ſhall try,

To gain, by *Gaſconado*'s Pow'rs,
What Fortune has deny'd to ours.

AIR II.

Like caſting a Die,
Our Fortune to try,
In fighting, as well as in gaming;
We game, as we fight,
With a View to get by't,
Tho' Loſers at laſt by our ſcheming.

The Queen *Alecto* comes! [Megera *ſeeing* Alecto.

Enter ALECTO.

Al. —— My Princeſs— [*They ſalute each other.*
Meg. —— Sure, this convinces
Thy Judgment, *Roland*, that we're zealous
To raiſe you up, tho' Pow'r may fail us.
Rol. Time muſt that Myſtery unravel!
Al. For you we plead, we fight, we travel;
Nor, ſhall our Armies ceaſe from Action,
'Till *Roland* gains full Satisfaction.
——Shall we to *Gaſconado* now?
Meg. ——We wait you. [*Exeunt.*
Rol. Go, faithleſs Pair!—who knows, muſt hate you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Garden in the Palace.*

Punch. GOOD Morrow, *Harle.* [*Harlequin and Punch meeting.*
[*Harlequin in Mourning black and white.*
Harl. Punch, good Morrow.
Pun. What clouds thy comic Brow with Sorrow?
Haſt thou, in Love, felt ſome new plaguing?
Or, art thou baffl'd in Intriguing?
Thy fav'rite Wench haſt thou found Tricks in?
Or is thy *Pampaline* turn'd Vixen?
Harl. You've hit my Plagues with random Gueſſes;
But ſtill much ſharper my Diſtreſs is:—

France

France is undone,---and I'm no more able
To ſave her from a State deplorable.

AIR III.

Come, and liſten to my Ditty,
All ye French *ſo fond of Gold:*
Lend declining France *your Pity,*
Which is now both bought and ſold;
For thoſe Britons, *ſtill victorious,*
All our boaſted Pride ſubdue,
Make us hide our Heads inglorious,
And our raſh Ambition rue.

Pun. Can he, my *Harle*, thus be undone,
Whoſe Pride ſo lately menac'd *London?*
Who ſwore to fight, and make his beſt Men ſtir,
'Till he were crown'd at *Weſtminſter?*
And not to leave to any *Briton*
A Ship to ſteer, or Stool to ſit on?
Muſt now our King, Great *Gaſconado*,
Bluſh at this inſolent Bravado?

AIR IV. *Puſh about*, &c.

A King, that ambitious intending to fight,
Shou'd cautiouſly bully and threaten;
Leſt, inſtead of the Laurels he hopes to get by't,
He may feel himſelf ſhamefully beaten.

A Madman may rouſe up a Lion to Rage,
And at Diſtance perplex him and teize him,
But will find it more ſafe, if they come to engage,
Like a Coward to fly, than to ſeize him.

Harl. Too much he bragg'd in evil Hour,
Too arrogantly priz'd his Pow'r:
Minorca won, he had a ſure Hope
To conquer and enſlave all *Europe:*
Tho' now ſo deſperate his Caſe is,
He weeps in *Pampaline*'s Embraces.
——Adieu, my *Punch.* [*Going.*

Pun.

Pun. Yet ſtay my *Harle*,
Indulge me with a Moment's Parlé;
And ſince you deeply ſhare his Diſtreſs,
His Councils, (and 'tis ſaid) his Miſtreſs;
Say, tell me, what is now a doing.

Harl. Gripewell's recall'd, his Troops reviewing;
The King's to count them Man by Man over,
To ſee thoſe Heroes

Pun. ——————— who loſt *Hanover*.
Is there ought elſe?

Harl. ——— Hum!---ay!

Punch. ——————— What is it?

Harl. A ſtrange, political, ſurprizing Viſit:
Courtiers, in utmoſt Haſte, have gone far hence
To bring Three Crown Heads to a Conference:
The Great *Alecto*, and King *Roland*;

Pun, O, rather call him King of Noland.

Harl. Megera too, that female Bully,
By *Pruſſia*'s Arms now humbled fully,
Lives here in Cognito,

Pun. ——————That's new.

Harl. To have a Royal Interview.

Pun. To me, *Megera* is more hateful,
So perjured, faithleſs, and ingrateful.

AIR V. *Goſſip Joan.*

With Projects wild and vain,
When a Female gets her Head full,
No Methods ſhe'll diſdain,
To execute what's dreadful.
Perjur'd Queen.

When, in a beggar'd State,
To England *ſhe applies her,*
They fought for this Ingrate,
But her Folly makes them wiſer.
Fooliſh Queen.

For her that Nation bled,
They nurs'd her as their Darling,
But the ſtarving Cur, full fed,
Repays our Love with ſnarling.
Faithleſs Queen.

Thanks for your News.
Harl. ——Hark! *Gripewell* comes,
I hear his Trumpets and his Drums. [*flouriſh.*
I'll wait him here——Farewel.
Pun. ——————Adieu! [*Exit Punch.*
Harl. I'll watch this curious Interview.

SCENE III. *A Palace.*

Enter GRIPEWELL *dreſſed ſplendidly.——He walks about melancholy, not ſeeing* Harlequin.

Gripe. O Fate! O Fortune! ever fickle!
You've plung'd me in a woful Pickle.
I'm like a Sailor at the Maſt-Head,
Laſh'd, and diſhonour'd, bruis'd and blaſted.
The laurel'd Glories, newly worn,
Are now from *Gripewell*'s Temples torn!
Yet---hold---tho' Fate has done its worſt,
Am I not richer than at firſt?
And who ſhall deem that Man a Blockhead,
Who ſells his Fame to fill his Pocket?

AIR VI.

That the Heroes of Old fought for Glory and Fame,
And that Honour alone was their Idol and Aim,
By Writers we gravely are told;
But if you examine this Fact at the Bottom,
You'll find that ſuch Whimſies did never beſot 'em;
Their Idol was nothing but Gold.

Alexander

Alexander himſelf, and his Captains to boot,
Fought their Way thro' the Eaſt in the golden Purſuit;
To be rich is the Road to be great:
Then why ſhou'd not Gripewell, *ſhake off Honour's Fetters,*
And, piling his Riches, reſemble his Betters,
And ſhine forth a Hero compleat?

Let Envy malign me, and Malice abuſe,
And ſwear that my Troops wanted Cloathing and Shoes;
But a Maſter-piece that was of Cunning.
For the leſs in their Bellies, the leſs on their Backs,
The nimbler they flew from the bolder Attacks,
And their Legs were the lighter for running.

What *Harle* here? [Gripewell *ſees* Harlequin.
Harl. ——— My Prince!
Gripe. ——— My Favourite [*Embracing.*
You've obſerv'd me much.
Harl. I did endeavour it,—
Tho' Faction, ever loud and clamorous,
With Iron Tongue, doth harſhly hammer us.
Gripe. ———'Tis Envy all.
Harl. ——— But Envy's loud,
And wraps your Glory in a Cloud.
Gripe. Yet I muſt ſay, I've gone as far as
A Hero cou'd, our Foes to harraſs;
Robb'd, pillag'd, burn'd, exacted, plunder'd.
Harl. And ſtole good Ninety, from each Hundred. [*Aſide.*
Gripe. I ſtripp'd and fleec'd both Lay and Gownmen,
And ſtarv'd them.
Harl. As you did your own Men. [*Aſide.*

AIR VII. *Lullibularo.*

The new Art of War is to rob and to ſpoil,
And murder each Mortal who dare not oppoſe;
To pillage the Peaſant who labours the Soil,
But—fly from the Danger of reſolute Foes.

The

The French,—*'tis true,*
Give the Devil his Due,
Did boldly march on,—where they'd nothing to dread;
But ſtunn'd with the Rattle,
And Thunder of Battle,
They fought,—full as wretchedly as they were fed.

Gripe. Saw you the King?
Harl. ——I did.
Gripe. ——What ſaid he?
Harl. That he would ſee your Men.
Gripe. ——They're ready.
I bade my Captains pick a Specimen
Of the beſt Soldiers; you may gueſs, I mean
That *Gaſconado*'s Eye may witneſs
Their Strength, Agility, and Fitneſs.
Harl. The King is coming.
Gripe. ——He's as welcome
As if I ſaw a Fiend from Hell come. [Gripewell *retires to the back of the Stage.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King GASCONADO, *and* PAMPALINE; *the King leaning on her Neck,* Harlequin *and* Gripewell *as if converſing, not ſeen by the King.*

King. MY *Pampaline*,—my precious Harlot!
Pam. My *Gaſco!* my deſponding Varlet! [*Toying.*
King. Oh! *France!*——by Heav'n I'll make 'em rue it!
I'll lay their Kingdoms waſte——I'll do it!——
Shall they not bleed for all theſe Ravages?
Have they ſo ſoon forgot my Savages?
While I have Spirit left, or any *Gaul*,
I'll plague them for poſſeſſing *Senegal.*
Pam. O, leave this boaſtful peeviſh Humour!
See *Pampaline!*—your Woes conſume her. [*Sighing.*

AIR

AIR VIII. *What tho' I am a Country Laſs, &c.*

What, tho' your Fleets at Sea are beat,
Or, lock'd in Ports, are ſir'd;
Tho' by Defeat upon Defeat,
France *is almoſt expir'd;*
Yet, for new Triumphs o'er the Fair,
Gaſco *can claim the Laurel.*
Come then, my Soul,—for Love prepare:
Britons *for Glory quarrel.* [Kiſſes the King.

King. Thou witching Syren!—at your Feet lie
My Crown and Pow'r,——you charm ſo ſweetly.
Adieu to War!---Adieu to Fighters!
Beauty and Love be my Delighters.
I feel Love's Deity!—within it ſtirs!—— [*pointing to his Breaſt.*

Pam. Leave Toil and Danger to your Miniſters.

AIR IX. DUETTO.

King. *Haſte thee, Love, and hither bring,*
Soft Deſires and gay Delights,
Pleaſures in eternal Spring;
Joyous Days, and bliſsful Nights,
Pam. *Haſte thee, Love, and ſhed around,*
Raptures from thy balmy Wings;
Bliſs with endleſs Bliſſes crown'd,
Worthy of the Wiſh of Kings.
King. *Ever be our Fondneſs growing;*
Pam. *All our Extaſies the ſame;*
King. *Hearts with mutual Ardours glowing,*
Pam. *Sweetly blending Flame with Flame.*
Both. *Hearts with equal Ardours glowing,*
Sweetly blending Flame with Flame.

Harlequin *comes forward, and while the King converſes with* Harlequin, Pampaline *retires to* Gripewell, *who in dumb Shew kneels and ſupplicates her Intereſt with the King, and gives her a large Purſe.*

King. My *Harle!* [*ſeeing* Harlequin.

Harl. O, my Prince, moſt valo'rous,
Misfortune's gloomy Cloud hangs all o'er us:
Your Armies now are kept full hard in Hand
By *Britiſh* Fleets,——and brave Prince *Ferdinand*:
While *Pruſſia*'s King ſweeps all before him,
And makes his Enemies adore him.

King. Confuſion!——but, I'll tell thee, *Harle*,
I'll hide me at *Verſailles* or *Marlé*:——
Of warlike Schemes my Head is leſs full,
Since Fortune makes me unſucceſsful.
Where's *Gripewell*?

Harl. ——— Sick at Heart and heavy
He waits, great Monarch, at your Levee.

King. Bid him approach,—oh!—what a ſad Jeſt he
Proves to all *Europe*!———

Gripe. Gracious Majeſty! [*approaches and kneels.*

King. (*angrily*) Riſe!—Can you look me in the Face full,
Stain'd with a Conduct ſo diſgraceful?

Gripe. O King!—my Soldiers fought like Women all,
Not *Gripewell*—but his Troops were Criminal.
Heroes before me, have been hamper'd,
And call'd it Victory when they ſcamper'd:
But our fierce Foes did ſorely handle us,
And Fate compell'd our Flight ſo ſcandalous.

AIR X. *'Twas when the Seas*, &c.

King. *When Fear the Heart poſſeſſes,*
And Folly's in the Pate,
We make our own Diſtreſſes;
Uunjuſtly blaming Fate.
Chance may determine fighting,
And ſtrange Events produce;
But the Brave want no exciting;
The Coward no Excuſe.

Gripe. O King!——your Enemies have felt me:
Nor cou'd their deepeſt Sorrows melt me.

Gripewell

Gripewell was like a blazing-Star, born
——To fire
King. ——The Orphan-Houſe at *Harborn.*
Tho' War you ne'er were form'd to ſhine in,
You're an Adept at Under-mining!
'Twas you, who brave *d'Etrees* ſupplanted,
When his great Talents moſt were wanted;
'Twas yours, and *Maillebois*, Contrivance,
And other Raſcals' baſe Connivance
Prevail'd, to have that Man diſcarded,
Whoſe Merit ſcarce cou'd be rewarded.

Pampaline *and* Harlequin *come forward.*

Pam. Hear me, my *Gaſco*!——(*To* Gripewell) kneel before him.
You muſt,---indeed you muſt reſtore him;
He's my Slave——For my Sake pardon him,
And lay not thy Reſentment hard on him!
King. She pleads,---ſhe ſighs,---from Grief I'll ſave her. [*Aſide.*
Riſe, *Gripewell*,---ſhare your Monarch's Favour. [Gripewell *riſes, bowing to the King and* Pampaline.

Enter Scaramouch, *bowing and cringing.*

Whence com'ſt thou?——leave thoſe Bows and Cringes,
And ſpeak,——My Spirit's---off the Hinges. [*Aſide.*
Scar. I bring you Tidings. [*In a joyous Tone.*
King. ——Say what is't?
And take this Largeſs in thy Fiſt.
Scar. I hear,---but cannot much affirm on't,
That *Ferdinand* has threſh'd Prince *Clermont*;
Routed *Soubiſe*, and all his Armament;—
And fix'd his Camp where none can harm him in't.
King. That moves me not.
Pamp. ——Let nothing move you,
Since *Pampaline* and Love approve you.
King. Go on—— [*To* Scaramouch.
Scar. The *Engliſh* Fleet have landed
Thouſands, brave *Marlbro's* Duke commanded,

Who

Who burn'd your Shipping, Maſts, and Cordages,
Which, to repair, Time muſt afford Ages;
And then mov'd off to 'ſcape our Sallies.

King. Go,——ſpend my Largeſs in the Gallies.
Away with him.—— [*While the Soldiers carry* Scaramouch *off at one Door,* Pierro *enters at the other.*

Enter PIERRO *in a black Cap, and black Waiſtcoat over his white Dreſs.*

King, What more Expreſſes?
Thy Dreſs the mournful Tale confeſſes.

Pier. O King!—the Fort you ſet your Heart on,
Is loſt,—the *Engliſh* hold *Cape-Breton.*
Strangers to Fear, they boldly ran on,——
Amidſt the dreadful Burſt of Cannon;
Ev'n Ships of War no help afforded,
Thoſe Ships by Tars, in Boats, were boarded:
Burnt, taken, ſunk, are all your Navy.—

King. Curs'd be thy Voice,—O, Tidings heavy!

Pier. And all this horrid Spoil is owing
To *Amherſt* bold,—and great *Boſcawen.*
Cherburgh, whoſe ſpacious Baſon was ſo late
Our Admiration, now lies deſolate:
Another *Edward's* ris'n,—purſuing
Great *Edward's* Steps,—to *France's* Ruin.
Whilſt *Howe,* with unreſiſted Pow'r,
Tranſplants our Guns to *London's* Tow'r.
And what's yet ſtill worſe——the ſavage *Ruſſians,*
So highly brib'd to plague the *Pruſſians,*
Have, after all their pompous Bluſt'ring,
Done nothing——but bombarded *Kuſtrin;*
And now, are totally defeated!—
Kill'd, routed, vanquiſh'd,—diſſipated!

King. (angrily) Be dumb!—be gone!——

Pier. But ſtill the worſe remains untold!—
The *Pruſſian* Hero, wiſe as bold,

In ſpight of *Daun*'s fine Cobweb ſcheming,
And Night-ſurprize——that's not worth naming,
Has prov'd his Genius of a Piece;
By aiding *Leipſic*, *Dreſden*, *Neiſs*;
Contriving (to our Shame) to raiſe
Five cloſe Blockades, in thrice five Days.

King. ——Oh!

Pam. Dear King endure it:
Tho' 'tis a Wound,——yet, Love ſhall cure it.

King. Sweet *Pampaline! (kiſſes her)*—Now, *Gripewell*, bring the Men.
[*To* Gripewell.

Several Soldiers march, ſome bare legg'd without Shoes, bad Breeches, half Shirts, half cloath'd, pale, feeble, &c. at the Sight of a Pruſſian, *or* Hanoverian *Huſſar, they are frightened.*

Gripe. Ho!—march before the King.

The King looks at the Soldiers with Surprize, then at Gripewell.

King. Call you theſe Soldiers!—why, you Jolt-Head, [*To* Gripe.
They look like Wild-fowl newly molted;
Or like raw Taylors, us'd to crib Bits;
Or ragged Raſcals ſtole from Gibbets.—
From Troops ſo mean, in Fleſh and Dreſſes,
No wonder we have ſuch Succeſſes.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Your royal Gueſts are come.

King. ——Away!—
I Go—but here *(kiſſes* Pampaline) my Heart ſhall ſtay.

SCENE V. *A grand Apartment in the Palace.*

This Scene *opens and diſcovers* GASCONADO, ALECTO, *and* MEGERA, *in Three Chairs under Canopies;* GASCONADO *in the Middle, and the Queens on each Side;—King* ROLAND *on a low Footſtool between them. When the Muſic is ended they riſe and come forward;* GASCONADO *leading the Queens by each Hand, and bowing to them when they come to the Front of the Stage.—King* ROLAND *walks behind* MEGERA.

King. ACCEPT, Great Queens, our royal Greeting,—
Fate, ſmile propitious, on our Meeting!—

Alecto. From diſtant Climes, we've ſtole and travell'd,
Beneath the Dignities we have held,
That our joint Councils may adminiſter
Aid, to Affairs that run ſo ſiniſter.

Megera. And ſtop Complaints, for Violations
Of Faith, profeſs'd between our Nations.

King. Speak now your Sentiments with Freedom,
And, as they merit, we ſhall heed 'em.

AIR XI. *Who e'er to a Wife, &c.*

In a Caſe that is nice
If you give your Advice,
Let Prudence, not Paſſion, direct it:
For ſplenetic Pride
Sets Reaſon aſide,
And we juſtly contemn and reject it.

Meg. Talk you to me of Pride and Spleen?
Think, *Gaſconade*, I'm a Queen!——
A Queen, Imperial, once ſo flatter'd,
'Till all my Realms and Schemes are ſhatter'd;
'Till *Pruſſia* (when I thought t' have nick'd him)
Sagaciouſly, made me the Victim.

King. Have Patience, Queen!

Meg. ——To Tempeſts preach it,
A Female Spirit ſcorns to meet it——
Aſſiſt me Fortune!---For I'm mad as yet,
As in his Iron-Cage was *Bajazet*:
Tho' *Tamerlane* (forgive if there I err)
To *Frederick* was far inferior.

King. Deſpond not, fair One.

Meg. (*ſneeringly*) Say, my Brother, Wife,---
Say,---tell me,---how can I act otherwiſe.
Alas! as an induſtrious Maid knits,
What's ſoon unravell'd——loſt is *Schwednitz*;
Nor cou'd a Conqu'ror give much leſs Law
Than *Pruſſia*'s King retaking *Breſlau*.

AIR

AIR XII.

O Dignity! ſo much reſpected!
How art thou with Care connected!
Still enkindling War and Striſe!
The Deſire of much poſſeſſing
Poiſons every choiceſt Bleſſing,
Ev'ry golden Joy of Life.

While Alecto *and* Gaſconado *are talking,* *King* Roland *and* Megera *ſeem to diſcourſe,—he, in a melancholy Manner, ſupplicates her Aſſiſtance.*

Al. Still ſhall this *Pruſſian* Heroe harraſs us,
Mow down our Forces,—and embaraſs us?
You know what Order he attacks in——
King. You felt it——when he beat *Apraxin.*
Al. And—you did——what I bluſh to mention,
Delay the ſtipulated Penſion;
And drove my half-ſtarv'd Troops to Pillages
Of weak, defenceleſs Towns, and Villages;
To murder all,—and pick their Purſes,
Tho' loaded leſs with Coin,—than Curſes.
King. 'Twas unavoidable.
Al. ——————Believe us,
Too long you linger'd to relieve us:
For, tho' magnificent your Offers,——
Poor are your Friends,—tho' rich your Coffers.

AIR XIII.

What is Honour?—but to ſhare
Fortune's Bleſſings with our Friends!
And with fraudleſs Tongues declare,
What the honeſt Heart intends?
But, a Frenchman's *Honour, knows*
Only for his Uſe to ſtake it;
Never to his Friends or Foes,
Making Promiſe, but—to break it——

King. What's this I hear?
Meg.——————Truths, truly told you,—
Your Miniſters corrupt, have ſold you!—
King. Sold me!—

Al.

Al. Aye,---ſold you to Diſhonour.
My Siſter there, *(pointing to* Megera) you have undone her.
King. O, ſhameleſs!---I have kept Engagement
As ſtrict, as King in any Age meant.
Did I not ſend the ſecret Plan over
Berlin to waſte,---and pillage *Hanover?*
Nay, bid my *Gripewell* ſtill go further,
And add to Pillage,---Fire, and Murther.
Meg. 'Tis true he did ſo---but what Profit
Have you, or any Mortal, of it?
'Twas my Prince *Charles*, who drove that Storm hence.
King. 'Tis falſe!---that Rout was our Performance.
Prince *Charles*, as ſafe as Hog in a Sty,
Lay ſwilling 'till he ſaw *Nadaſti*;
Nor had he aught to ſave his Brawn,
But nimble Heels, and good Count *Dawn.*

AIR XIII.

Give a Soldiers but Wine,
That Liquor divine,
And Danger his Soul ſhall delight in;
For temperate Fools,
Who drink it by Rules,
Grow pale at the mention of fighting.

Meg. Is this a Time for Fraud or Jeſting, [*Scornfully.*
But thoſe are Talents you are beſt in---
Are you the Guardian and Protector
Of *Saxony*'s decay'd Elector?---
For *Pruſſia* made King *Roland* Hip-ſick,
When he ſurpriz'd and ſeiz'd on *Leipſick*,
And gave the *Poliſh* Bears a leſs Den,
To nurſe their Cubs,---when drove from *Dreſden*,
Nothing you gave,---yet gave him all you meant,
For his Aſſiſtance, or Emolument.
Rol. O Truth!---which wounds me in the telling!
O, Mis'ry!---caus'd by Conſcience ſelling!

King.

King. Is this conſulting?—No,—'tis Scolding!
Al. Our Innocence we both are bold in.
King. Say, Impudence—for ſuch Abuſes
No Crown, no Station, an Excuſe is:
You count me falſe,—but you, and he, and all, [*pointing to* Megera
Than *Gaſconado*, are more criminal. *and* Roland.
Aſk *England*,—who, with Gold did nurſe you,
Why that brave People ſcorn and curſe you!
They found you Beggar—they enrich'd You—
'Till perjur'd Politicks bewitch'd You.
They warm'd your Troops—with Food and Cloathing,
And paid them high—for—doing nothing—
Yet ſhe, (*pointing to* Megera) e'er *Pruſſia*'s Pow'r attack'd her,
Combin'd to cruſh her Benefactor.
Meg. 'Tis Slander—
Blaſted be the Speaker———
Thou reſtleſs, ſcheming, Treaty-Breaker!

AIR XIV. DUETTO.

King. *Blow me, ye Winds, from Woman's Rage—*
Meg. *And me from Man deceitful.*
King. *Their Tongue's a Scourge for ev'ry Age—*
Meg. *Their Vices make them hateful.*
King. *Fickle and Falſe, your Spleen or Pride,*
Each joyous Hour perplexes—
Meg. *And Folly, which you ought to hide,*
The Torture of our Sex is.
King. *Ingratitude your Schemes attend—*
Meg. *By treach'rous Acts you roſe, Sir—*
King. *Your Perfidy deſtroys your Friends—*
Meg. *Your Policy's your Foe, Sir.*

King. I, like a lordly Bull, am fated,
By Female Maſtiffs to be baited——
To 'ſcape an Inſult ſo unmannerly,
Had I been wiſe—far off I'd ran early— [*Stealing off.*
Nor yet too late,—Adieu—ye Siſters!
May Fate enrich your Tongues with Bliſters! [*Exit* Gaſcon.

SCENE VI.

Alect. IS *Gaſconado* gone?
Meg. ——— Moſt ſlily.
I ſhall reſent this Treatment highly—
But—hold—it is the *Frenchman*'s Cuſtom,
To bubble Fools who fondly truſt 'em.
Come, *Roland*, come, be bolder ſpirited,
Tho' thou'rt by *Pruſſia* diſinherited:
Yet, of my Friends, I ſhall love many leſs
Than thee, O Prince!—ſo poor,—ſo Pennyleſs!
Rol. On your good Faith is my Reliance.
Meg. Then hold Dame Fortune at defiance.

AIR XV. TRIO.

Rol. *To mention* Pruſſia's *Bravery,*
My Heart with Anger burns—
Alect. *He'll ſink us all to Slavery—*
Meg. *Who threſh'd us all by Turns.*
And a begging we may go. [*All ſinging Chorus.*

Rol. *On* France's *Force we reckon'd;*
Alect. *But they're deceitful Elves;*
Meg. *Our Views how can they ſecond,*
So beaten now themſelves?
And a begging, &c.

Rol. *While o'er the Subject-Ocean,*
The Britiſh *Navy rides,*
By Fear we're kept in Motion,
And ſcourg'd for changing Sides.
And a begging, &c.

Alect. *We're plagu'd with Toil and Trouble*
For Breach of Faith profeſt:
Meg. *Of* France *we've been the Bubble;*
Rol. *Of* Europe *we're the Jeſt.*
And a begging we may go.
[*Exeunt, ſinging Chorus.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Enter BUSKIN.

Busk. MR. *Phiz*—

Enter PHIZ.

Phiz. Sir.

Busk. Have you the Epilogue ready?

Phiz. No, Sir,—for I found myſelf at a Loſs for double Entendré, without which, you know, an Epilogue is lifeleſs.

Busk. However, Mr. *Phiz*, ſomewhat of the Kind is always expected by the Audience.

Phiz. They ſhall be totally diſappointed——for I luckily met with two or three of thoſe brave *Engliſh* Sailors who were at the taking of *Cape-Breton*; one of them has compos'd a Ballad on the Succeſs of *England* and its Allies, and I have prevail'd with one of our honeſt Tars to perform it.

Busk. Are they ready?

Phiz. They are—(Phiz *goes towards the Scene and ſpeaks)* Come forward, Gentlemen.

Enter Tom *the Sailor,—he looks about at the Audience, and then turns to the Side from whence he enter'd.*

Tom. Holla, *Jack!*—why doſt not ſteer Forward?

Enter Jack,—*he comes two or three Steps, and looking about ſeems daſh'd.*

Jack. Ay—ay—

Tom. What—Man—art Cow-hearted at Sight of the fine Folk?

Jack. Nat I, *Tom.*

Tom. You had Courage enough, *Jack*, when we boarded the *French* Man of War,—tho'f there was more Danger there, than here, Boy.

Jack. Nay, nay, *Tom*,—not half ſo much; a Man may eſcape a Shot from a Battery,—but our *Engliſh* Beauty never fails of Execution.

[*He bows to the Audience, and ſings the Ballad.*

SONG. *Tune*, Free-Maſon's Song.

1.

YE Britons, *ſo Brave!*
Ye Lords of the Wave!
Whoſe Valour's ſo famous in Story;
Let your Extaſies riſe,
Since Briton *ſupplies*
New Heroes to heighten their Glory,
Brave Boys.

The

2.

The French, *who ſo bluſter'd,*
And all their Force muſter'd,
Are threſh'd by the Nation they threaten;
Old Knaves they diſgrace,
And put New in their Place;
Yet ſtill under both they are beaten.

3.

They know, we confeſs,
How to Dance and to Dreſs;
But, if wiſe, they wou'd fold up their Banners;
For our brave Engliſh *Tars,*
Make 'em ſick of their Wars,
And our Admirals, now *teach* them *Manners.*

4.

See, France *in amaze,*
See their Forts in a Blaze;
While Edward *their Coaſt is invading!*
Their Inſolence droops,
As their Ships, Towns, and Troops,
Now pay for their proud Gaſconading.

5.

That in Boats we ſhou'd dare
To attack Men of War,
Is an Action, tho' true, paſt believing;
But Cape-Breton *won,*
Their Trade is undone,
And ſunk beyond Hope of retrieving.

6.

The Dutch, *our good Friends,*
For their own private Ends,
French *Goods have ſo craftily ſtow'd in,*
But our bold Privateers
Detect the Myn-heers,
And ſave them—the Toil of Unloading.

7.

Let the true Britiſh *Spirit,*
Do Juſtice to Merit,
While the Bumper with Wine is o'erflowing;
And all Honours allow
To Edward *and* Howe,
To Amherſt, *and* Wolfe, *and* Boſcawen.

F I N I S.